

+ The wofull lamentation of Edward Smith, a poore penitent prisoner
in the layle of Bedford, which he wrote a short time before his
death. To the tune of, Dainty come thou to me.

I Am a Prisoner poore,
Opprest with misery :
O Lord doe thou restore
that faith whiche wants in me.
In woe I wile and wape,
In griping grieve I cry,
In dungeon darke and deepe,
In fetters fast I lye,
Sighing I sit and moane,
My soule offences all,
My loathesome life is knowne,
which makes me lue in thrall.
Ned Smith I am, the wight
In prison that remaine,
Tomented day and night,
with bands and iron chaines.
My ioyes are turn'd to nought,
My hopes are woe away,
My wickednesse hath wrought
my downe fall and decay.
Those gifts that God gaue me,
My wants soz to supply,
Abu ed much I hate,
To please my fantasie,
My name I did denie,
In Bapti me given me,
That Sacrament whereby
Regenerate I shold be.
No wit nor strength may serue
The Law to satisfie :
For death I doe deserue,
In right and equity.
For I offended haue
Nobles of high degrē,
What fauour can I craue?
For life or liberty ?
But hope of life is past,
My acts so hainous be :
And liberty is lost,
Will death doe set me frē.
All men both old and young
Whiche are at liberty,
And haire my dolefull song,
Example take by me.
Be true, and trust in God,
Fly theft, and vice eschew,
Lest Gods most heauy rod
Correct your deeds untrue.
Would I had ne er bin borne
To doe such wicked deuds,
Whiche makes me lue in scorne
And hanē that sore exceeds.
But that whiche passed is,
I cannot now recall :
My sinnes and my amisse,
O Lord forgiue them all.
Woe worth ill company,
Fie on that filthy crew :
Accurst the day may be
That euer I them knew.

If life and death were set
Before me soz to chose,
Though I might pardon get,
My life first would I lose,
Then runne that wicked race,
And doe as I haue done,
Sweet Jesus give me grace,
That life so lewd to shun.
Fare well my louing wife,
Who sought to turne my minde,
And make me mend my life,
Thy words full true I finde.
Farewell my chiloren all,
My tender Babes adue :
Let this your Fathers fall,
Be warning good soz you.
Deare wife, and Infants thē,
Serue God, remember this,
That you true subiects be,
Though I haue done amisse.
Farewell my Pusick sweet,
And Cutron siluer sound,
Mourning soz me is meet,
My sinnes doe so abound.
O Lord, on bended knēs,
And hands lift vp on hie,
Cast on me gracious eyes,
With grace my wants supply.
Lay not unto my charge,
The things that I haue done,
Though I haue runne at large,
And plaid the unthrift sonne.
Yet now I doe repente,
And humbly come to thē,
My sinnes I doe lament,
Sweet Jesus comfort me.
O Lord I doe lament,
And onely ioy in thē,
To praise thē day and night,
For thou redemeſt me.
Lord save our royll King
Whose prisoner poore am I,
Prolong his dayes on earth,
With fame and dacy.

Against his spairely,
I haue offended soze,
Committing Felony,
And now I die therfore.
A dolefull death, God knowes,
Whiche once I did dese :
Thus must I end my woes
Whiche I take patiently.
By thā O Saviour swet,
In heaven I hope to rest,
In ior where I shall met, (bleſt,
Those soules whom thou hast
Where we shall sing thy prale,
O God, with voyses high,
When I shall end my dayes,
And live eternally.